

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, July 21, 1968

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Lyndon and I went to St. Francis Xavier Church with Marie and Jim. Even with Luci not here. She and the baby are down at Astro world with the Scott Manns. Lyndon likes to go to Father Schneider's little church.

Back at the house he called Mr. Kellam and me into his room to try on the khaki outfits he had had made for us by Mr. Frank -- his San Antonio tailor. Never was there anybody who enjoyed more giving gifts. But he wants to see them tried on and at once -- and liked. To my pleasure Jesse kept his on -- a rare thing since for the 15 or so years that we have been trying to get him into ranch-type clothes. He persists in wearing his dark, conventional, bankers suit which Lyndon calls "blue velvet".

We rode out to the airport to meet the Convair from Washington. And there was Bob Hardesty and his wife and four children -- wide-eyed and eager. And the Harry Middletons. Lyndon thinks these two men might work in his office down here after January 20th. And this is a get-acquainted trip. And there also arrived one of those problems which have enlivened our lives these 33 years. A new servant -- a Chinaman. Lyndon had arranged to hire him in San Salvador without ever laying eyes on him, knowing that he spoke no English and a little Spanish. I had dismissed it from my mind as a bad dream that would probably never come true. And here he was walking down the ramp.

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First, we asked him his name. The words that emerged were nothing that I could understand. I thought I heard "Wong", though I said "Mr. Wong, get in with us and we'll try to find you a place to stay." Lyndon talked to him in Spanish with much use of the hands, a little louder than usual as though his problem was being hard of hearing. And neither of us had the vaguest idea how much Mr. Wong understood. Although to my chagrin he seemed to understand Lyndon better than he did me. And I think I know more Spanish. I suggested putting him in the new trailer. We opened the door. Alas, it was occupied. What a complex this Ranch is -- main house, guest houses, trailers. I look forward only gloomily to reassuming the role of hotel manager.

We put Mr. Wong in the tiny trailer. And then loaded up the Hardestys and the Middletons and Jesse and Marie and Mary and we went for a ride through the Dantz and the Martin -- back in time for a late big lunch.

Lynda returned from Houston, and I took a nap. And then we went swimming. And while I had my hair done, I finished going over the lengthy list of possible appointees to the Arts Council and the Kennedy Center. I wanted to make sure this last time that some well-qualified, good friends of ours were appointed in these places. And I had asked the most knowledgeable people I knew and had weighed in my mind a long list. And had produced I thought some good recommendations which

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Lyndon could follow or not -- Rebecca Harkness, Ruth Carter Johnson, Robert Marrow, Rudolf Serkin and Jean Dalrymple.

And then in the late evening when the work was finished and Berniece had finished with my ~~hair-do~~, I went to join Lyndon. He was already riding with the Hardestys and the Middletons. And we drove for an hour and a half, looking at rock houses. We stopped by the little one that I hope that Roy White will buy in time -- Mr. Lindigs -- almost within sight of ours. And we wound up on the top of the Martin at sunset.

These summer evenings are a joy to live. It's a time of long shadows. And as you look across the pastures you can see the shadows that the trees cast. The changing lights have a lovely quality. And it's the time of young fawns. They are running behind their mothers -- often they are twins -- brown and dappled with white. Oh, so cute. Once we passed a kindergarten practically. Six little fawns and only one doe. And another time we came upon the tiniest fawn of all. He must have been only a few hours old. He was running on shakey legs, and he laid down in a little mot of live oaks and curled up in a ball and ~~hoped~~ ^{hoped} he was invisible I suppose. We stopped and watched him. And then drove on in the opposite direction so as not to frighten him. He was too tired to run anymore. There are so many deer in the Martin that sometimes you can see 30 at a time or even 40, and as many as 8 ~~big~~ ^{big} racks of horns. And it is the time of little calves also. Two were born right

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in the trap in front of the Cedar House. I wondered if the Hardesty children -- city bred -- were excited about that. It is also the time of mowing the Sudan, and bales of hay stacked in the fields, and the stubble faintly gold in especially the late evening light.

As we look out the dining room window at the long slope of land rising to the North and see the bales of hay piled up and the cattle grazing farther up the hill, it is just a sight of plenty that does your heart good.

And so we would have one more day of rest and return to Washington Tuesday.